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THE
PROGRESS
OF
LOVE.

A



T H E
P R O G R E S S
O F
L O V E.

I N
Four Eclogues,

I. UNCERTAINTY.
To Mr. P O P E.

II. HOPE.
To the Hon. GEORGE
DODDINGTON, Esq;

III. JEALOUSY.
To ED. WALPOLE, Esq;

IV. POSSESSION.
To the Right Hon. the
Lord Visc. COBHAM,

L O N D O N :

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PROGRES

LOVE



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T H E
P R O G R E S S *of* L O V E.

In Four Eclogues.

U N C E R T A N T Y.

E C L O G U E I.

To Mr. *P O P E*.

POPE, to whose Reed beneath the beachen Shade,
The Nymphs of *Thames* a pleas'd Attention paid;
While yet thy Muse content with humbler Praise,
Warbled in *Windsor's* Grove her sylvan Lays;
Though now sublimely born on *Homer's* Wing,
Of glorious Wars, and Godlike Chiefs she sing:

B

Wilt

Wilt thou with me re-visit once again,
 The chrystal Fountain, and the flow'ry Plain?
 Wilt thou indulgent hear my Verse relate,
 The various Changes of a Lover's State;
 And while each Turn of Passion I pursue,
 Ask thy own Heart if what I tell be true?

To the green Margin of a lonely Wood,
 Whose pendant Shades o'erlook'd a silver Flood,
 Young *Damon* came, unknowing where he stray'd,
 Full of the Image of his beauteous Maid:
 His Flock far off unfed, untended lay,
 To every Savage a defenceless Prey;
 No Sense of Int'rest cou'd their Master move,
 And every Care seem'd Trifling now but Love.

Awhile

Awhile in pensive Silence he remain'd,
 But tho' his Voice was mute, his Looks complain'd;
 At length the Thoughts within his Bosom pent,
 Forc'd his unwilling Tongue to give them vent.

Ye Nymphs, he cry'd, ye Driads who so long
 Have favour'd *Damon*, and inspir'd his Song;
 For whom retir'd I shun the gay Resorts
 Of sportful Cities; and of pompous Courts:
 In vain I bid the restless World adieu,
 To seek Tranquility and Peace with you;
 Tho' wild Ambition, and destructive Rage
 No Factions here can form, no Wars can wage:
 Tho' Envy frowns not on your humble Shades,
 Nor Calumny your Innocence invades,

Yet cruel Love, that Troubler of the Breast,
 Too often violates your boasted Rest ;
 With inbred Storms disturbs your calm Retreat,
 And taints with Bitterness each rural Sweet.
 Ah luckless Day ! when first with fond Surprise,
 On *Delia's* Face I fix'd my Eager Eyes ;
 Then in wild Tumults all my Soul was tost,
 Then Reason, Liberty, at once were lost ;
 And every Wish, and Thought, and Care was gone,
 But what my Heart employ'd on her alone.
 Then too she smil'd : Can Smiles our Peace destroy,
 Those lovely Children of Content and Joy ?
 How can soft Pleasure, and tormenting Woe,
 From the same Spring at the same Moment flow ?
 Unhappy Boy, these vain Enquiries cease,
 Thought cou'd not guard nor will restore thy Peace.

Indulge

Indulge the Frenzy that thou must endure,
 And sooth the Pain thou know'st not how to cure.
 Come flatt'ring Memory, and tell my Heart,
 How kind she was, and with what pleasing Art
 She strove its fondest Wishes to obtain,
 Confirm her Pow'r, and faster bind my Chain.
 If on the Green we danc'd, a mirthful Band,
 To me alone she gave her willing Hand ;
 Her partial Taste if e'er I touch'd the Lyre,
 Still in my Song found something to admire.
 By none but her my Crook with Flow'rs was crown'd,
 By none but her my Brows with Ivy bound :
 The World that *Damon* was her Choice believ'd,
 The World alas ! like *Damon* was deceiv'd.
 When last I saw her and declar'd my Fire,
 In Words as soft as Passion cou'd inspire.

Coldly

Coldly she heard, and full of Scorn withdrew,
Without one pitying Glance, one sweet Adieu.

The frighted Hind who sees his ripen'd Corn,
Up from the Roots by sudden Tempests torn,
Whose fairest Hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
Feels not so keen a Pang of Grief as I.

Ah, how have I deserv'd, inhuman Maid,
To have my faithful Service thus repaid?
Were all the Marks of Kindness I receiv'd,
But Dreams of Joy, that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
Or did you only nurse my growing Love,
That with more Pain I might your Hatred prove?
Sure guilty Treachery no Place cou'd find,
In such a gentle, such a gen'rous Mind:
A Maid brought up the Woods and Wilds among,
Cou'd ne'er have learn't the Art of Courts so young:

No;

No; let me rather think her Anger feign'd ;
 Still let me hope my *Delia* may be gain'd ;
 'Twas only Modesty that seem'd Disdain,
 And her Heart suffer'd when she gave me Pain.

Pleas'd with this flatt'ring Thought, the lovesick

Boy

Felt the faint Dawning of a doubtful Joy,
 Back to his Flock more chearful he return'd,
 When now the Setting-Sun less fiercely burn'd.
 Blue Vapours rose along the mazy Rills,
 And Light's last Blushes ting'd the distant Hills.



HOPE.

H O P E.

ECLOGUE II.

To Mr. *DODDINGTON*.

Hear *Doddington*, the Notes that Shepherds sing,
Notes soft as those of Nightingales in Spring:
Nor *Pan*, nor *Phæbus* tune the Shepherd's Reed;
From Love alone our tender Lays proceed;
Love warms our Fancy with enlivening Fires,
Refines our Genius, and our Verse inspires:
From him *Theocritus* on *Enna's* Plains,
Learnt the wild Sweetness of his *Dorick* Strains;

Virgil

Virgil by him was taught the moving Art,
 That charm'd each Ear, and soften'd every Heart:
 O would'st thou quit the Pride of Courts and deign
 To dwell with us upon the vocal Plain,
 Thee too his Pow'r should reach, and ev'ry Shade
 Resound the Praises of thy fav'rite Maid;
 Thy Pipe our rural Concert wou'd improve,
 And we shou'd learn of thee to Please and Love.

DAMON no longer sought the silent Shade,
 No more in unfrequented Paths he stray'd,
 But call'd the Nymphs to hear his jocund Song,
 And told his Joy to all the Rustick Throng.

Blest be the Hour, he said, that happy Hour,
 When first I own'd my *Delia's* gentle Pow'r;

C

Then

Then gloomy Discontent and pining Care
 Forsook my Breast, and left soft Wishes there :
 Soft Wishes there they left, and gay Desires,
 Delightful Languors, and transporting Fires.
 Where yonder Limes combine to form a Shade,
 Mine Eyes first gaz'd upon the charming Maid ;
 There she appear'd on that auspicious Day,
 When Swains their sportive Rites to *Bacchus* pay :
 She led the Dance — Heav'ns! with what Grace she
 mov'd !

Who cou'd have seen her then, and not have lov'd?
 I strove not to resist so sweet a Flame,
 But glory'd in a happy Captive's Name ;
 Nor wou'd I now, cou'd Love permit, be Free,
 But leave to Brutes their savage Liberty.

And

And art thou then, fond Swain, secure of Joy?
 Can no Reverse thy flattering Bliss destroy?
 Has treach'rous Love no Torments yet in store?
 Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal Power?
 Whence flow'd those Tears that late bedew'd thy
 Cheek,

Why sigh'd thy Heart as if it strove to break?
 Why were the desert Rocks invok'd to hear,
 The plaintive Accent of thy sad Despair?
 From *Delia's* Rigour all those Pains arose,
Delia who now compassionates my Woes,
 Who bids me Hope; and in that charming Word,
 Has Peace and Transport to my Soul restor'd.

Begin my Pipe, begin thy gladsome Lay;
 A Kiss from *Delia* shall thy Musick pay;

A Kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,
 Giv'n with forc'd Anger, and disguis'd Content:
 No Laureat Wreaths I ask to bind my Brows,
 Such as the Muse on tuneful Bards bestows;
 Let other Swains to Praise or Fame aspire;
 I from her Lips my Recompense require.

Hark how the Bees with Murmurs fill the Plain,
 While every Flow'r of every Sweet they drain,
 See how on yonder Hillock's grassy Steep,
 The basking Herds beneath the Sunshine sleep:
 Nor Bees, nor Herds, are half so blest as I,
 If with my fond Desires my Love comply;
 From *Delia's* Lips a sweeter Honey flows,
 And on her Bosom dwells more soft Repose.

Ah

Ah how, my Dear, shall I deserve thy Charms?
 What Gift can bribe thee to my longing Arms?
 A Bird for thee in filken Bands I hold,
 Whose yellow Plumage shines like polish'd Gold;
 From distant Isles the lovely Stranger came,
 And bears the fortunate *Canaries* Name;
 In all our Woods none boasts so sweet a Note,
 Not ev'n the Nightingale's melodious Throat.
 Accept of this; and cou'd I add beside,
 What Wealth the rich *Peruvian* Mountains hide;
 If all the Gems in Eastern Rocks were mine,
 On thee alone their glitt'ring Pride shou'd shine.
 But if thy Mind, nor Pray'rs nor Gifts can move,
Phæbus shall leave *Parnassus*' sacred Grove;
Phæbus himself shall plead his Poet's Cause,
 And force thy Heart to own Love's tender Laws:

Auspicious

Auspicious *Pan*, the Monarch of the Plain,
 Shall come a Suitor for his fav'rite Swain;
 For him, their lov'd Musician, ev'ry Fawn,
 For him each blooming Sister of the Lawn:
 And you, fair Nymphs, Companions of my Love,
 With whom she joys the flow'ry Meads to rove,
 I beg you recommend my faithful Flame,
 And let her often hear her Shepherd's Name:
 Shade all my Faults from her enquiring Sight,
 And shew my Merits in the fairest Light;
 My Pipe your kind Assistance shall repay,
 And every Friend shall claim a diff'rent Lay.

But see! in yonder Glade the Heav'nly Fair,
 Enjoys the Fragrance of the Morning Air —

Ah thither let me fly with eager Feet;

Adieu my Pipe, I go my Love to meet —

O may I find her as we parted last,

And may each future Hour be like the Past!

So shall the whitest Lamb these Pastures feed,

Propitious *Venus* on thy Altars bleed.



JEALOUSY.

J E A L O U S Y.

ECLOGUE III.

To Mr. *EDWARD WALPOLE*.

THE Gods, O *Walpole*, give no Bliss sincere;
Wealth is disturb'd by Care, and Pow'r by
Fear;

Of all the Passions that employ the Mind,
In gentle Love the sweetest Joys we find;
Yet ev'n those Joys dire Jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair Image in our Breasts:
O may the Warmth of thy too tender Heart,
Ne'er feel the Sharpness of his venom'd Dart;

For

For thy own Quiet think thy Mistress just,
And wisely take thy Happiness on Trust.

Begin my Muse, and *Damon's* Woes rehearse,
In wildest Numbers and disorder'd Verse.

On a romantick Mountain's airy Head,
(While browsing Goats at ease around him fed)
Anxious he lay, with jealous Cares oppress'd ;
Distrust and Anger lab'ring in his Breast —
The Vale beneath a pleasing Prospect yeilds,
Of verdant Meads and cultivated Fields ;
Through these a River rolls its winding Flood,
Adorn'd with various Tufts of rising Wood ;
Beyond, a Town with glitt'ring Spires is crown'd,
And distant Hills the wide Horizon bound :

D

So

So charming was the Scene, awhile the Swain
 Beheld delighted, and forgot his Pain ;
 But soon the Stings infix'd within his Heart,
 With cruel Force renew'd their raging Smart :
 His flow'ry Wreath, which long with Pride he wore,
 The Gift of *Delia*, from his Brows he tore,
 Then cry'd ; May all thy Charms, ungrateful Maid,
 Like these neglected Roses droop and fade :
 May angry Heav'n deform each guilty Grace,
 That triumphs now in that deluding Face ;
 Those alter'd Looks may every Shepherd fly,
 And ev'n thy *Daphnis* hate thee worse than I.

Say thou Inconstant, what has *Damon* done,
 To lose the Heart his tedious Pains had won ?

Tell me what Charms you in my Rival find,
 Against whose Pow'r no Ties have Strength to bind?
 Has he, like me, with long Obedience strove
 To conquer your Disdain, and merit Love?
 Has he with Transport every Smile ador'd,
 And dy'd with Grief at each ill-natur'd Word?
 Ah no: the Conquest was obtain'd with Ease;
 He Pleas'd you by not studying to Please:
 His careless Indolence your Pride alarm'd,
 And had he lov'd you more he less had charm'd.
 O Pain to think! another shall possess,
 Those balmy Lips which I was wont to press:
 Another on her panting Breast shall lie,
 And catch sweet Madness from her swimming Eye.—
 I saw their friendly Flocks together feed,
 I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the Mead:

Wou'd my clos'd Eyes had sunk in endless Night,
 'Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful Sight!
 Where-e'er they pass'd, be blasted every Flow'r,
 And hungry Wolves their helpless Flocks devour.—
 Ah wretched Swain, cou'd no Examples move
 Thy heedless Heart to shun the Rage of Love?
 Has thou not heard how poor *Damætas* dy'd,
 A Victim to *Pamela's* fatal Pride?
 Dear was the Youth to all the tuneful Plain,
 Lov'd by the Nymphs, by *Phæbus* lov'd in vain:
 For him the blue-ey'd Sisters of the Flood,
 For him the *Dryads* wept in every Wood;
 Around his Tomb their Tears the Muses paid,
 And all things mourn'd but the relentless Maid.
 Wou'd I cou'd die like him, and be at Peace;
 These Torments in the quiet Grave wou'd cease,

There

There my vex'd Mind a calm Repose wou'd find,

And sleep as if my *Delia* still were kind.

No, let me live her Falsehood to upbraid —

Some God perhaps my just Revenge may aid :

Alas! what Aid fond Swain, wou'd'st thou receive?

Cou'd thy Heart bear to see its *Delia* grieve?

Protect her Heav'n, and let her never know,

The slightest Part of hapless *Damon's* Woe :

I ask no Vengeance from the Pow'rs above ;

All I implore is never more to Love —

Let me this Fondness from my Bosom tear,

Let me forget that e'er I thought her Fair.

Come cool Indifference, and heal^a my Breast;

Wearied at length I seek thy downy Rest :

No Turbulence of Passion shall destroy

My future Ease with flatt'ring Hopes of Joy.

Hear

Hear mighty *Pan*, and all ye Sylvans hear,
 What by your sacred Deities I swear ;
 No more my Eyes shall view her fatal Charms,
 No more I'll court the Trait'ers to my Arms ;
 Not all her Arts my steady Soul shall move,
 And she shall find that Reason conquers Love —

Scarce had he spoke when through the Lawn below,
 Alone he saw the beauteous *Delia* go ;
 At once Transported he forgot his Vow,
 (Such Perjuries the laughing Gods allow)
 Down the steep Hills with ardent Haste he flew ;
 He found her Kind, and soon believ'd her True.



POSSESSION.

ECLOGUE IV.

To Lord *COBHAM*.

COBHAM to Thee this rural Lay I bring,
Whose guiding Judgment gives me Skill to sing;
Though far unequal to those heav'nly Strains,
With which thy *Congreve* charm'd the list'ning Plains,
Yet shall its Musick please thy partial Ear,
And sooth thy Breast with Thoughts that once were
Recall those Years which Time has thrown behind,
When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy Mind;
When

When all thy glorious Days of prosp'rous Fight,
 Delighted less than one successful Night.

The sweet Reflexion shall thy Youth restore,
 Fancy again shall run past Pleasure o'er,
 And while in * *Stowe's* enchanting Walks you stray,
 This Theme may help to cheat the Summer's Day.

Beneath the Covert of a Myrtle Wood,
 To *Venus* rais'd a rustick Altar stood ;
 There faithful Vows from constant Swains were sent,
 And artless Virgins gave soft Wishes vent ;
 There no Constraint 'ere joyn'd unwilling Hands,
 But Love consenting ty'd the blisful Bands.
 Thither with glad Devotion *Damon* came,
 To thank the Goddess who had bless'd his Flame ;

* *My Lord Cobham's Seat.*

His

His sparkling Eyes unusual Transport show'd
 And flushing Cheeks with conscious Triumph glow'd.
 All Hail, he cry'd, fair Queen of young Desires;
 Long shall my Heart preserve thy pleasing Fires,
 Since *Delia* now can all its Warmth return,
 As fondly languish and as fiercely burn.
 Thou too, bright Goddess, once, in *Ida's* Grove,
 Did'st not disdain to meet a Shepherd's Love,
 With him, while frisking Lambs around you play'd,
 Conceal'd you sported in the secret Shade;
 Scarce cou'd *Anchises'* Raptures equal mine,
 And *Delia's* Beauties only yield to thine.

O the dear Gloom of last propitious Night!
 O Shade more charming than the fairest Light!

E

Then

Then in my Arms I clasp'd the melting Maid,
 Then all my Pains one Moment overpaid,
 Then first the sweet Excess of Bliss I prov'd,
 Which none can Taste but who like me have Lov'd.

What are ye now, my once most valued Joys?
 Insipid Trifles all, and childish Toys —
 Friendship itself ne'er knew a Charm like this,
 Nor *Colin's* Talk cou'd please like *Delia's* Kifs.

Ye Muses skill'd in every winning Art,
 Teach me more deeply to engage her Heart;
 Ye Nymphs to her your freshest Roses bring,
 And crown her with the Pride of all the Spring.
 On all her Days let Health and Peace attend;
 May she ne'er want, or ever lose a Friend;

May

May some new Pleasure every Hour employ ;
 But let her *Damon* be her highest Joy.

With thee my Love, for ever will I stay,
 All Night Caress thee, and Admire all Day ;
 In the same Field our mingled Flocks we'll feed,
 To the same Spring our thirsty Heifers lead,
 Together will we share the harvest Toils,
 Together press the Vine's *Autumnal* Spoils.
 Delightful State where Peace and Love combine,
 To bid our tranquil Days unclouded shine !
 Here limpid Fountains roll through flow'ry Meads,
 Here rising Forrests lift their verdant Heads ;
 Here let me wear my careless Life away,
 And in thy Arms insensibly decay.

When

When late old Age our Heads shall silver o'er,
 And our slow Pulses dance with Joy no more :
 When Time no longer will thy Beauties spare,
 And only *Damon's* Eye shall think thee Fair ;
 Then may the gentle Hand of welcome Death,
 At one soft Stroke deprive us both of Breath ;
 May we beneath one common Stone be laid,
 And the same Cypress both our Ashes shade.
 Perhaps some friendly Muse in tender Verse,
 Shall deign our faithful Passion to rehearse,
 And future Ages with just Envy mov'd,
 Be told how *Damon* and his *Delia* lov'd.

